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PUBLISHING COMPANY

# The LONE RANGER

## Paroled Man

DEEP IN THE TEXAS DESERT, AS A RETIRED ARMY  
WENT TO MEET NORTH ON THE BARBET TRAIL,  
SUTTERLY.

THERE MUST BE A FEW HUNDRED  
HEAD OF CATTLE IN THAT COWBOY  
SQUAD, AND NO ONE'S AROUND  
PROTECTING 'EM!

SWAMP OPEN THE GATE!  
WE'LL EMPTY THAT  
COWBOY BEFORE THE  
RANCHERS KNOW WHAT  
HIT 'EM!



SIT ALONG, DOGIES!



WHAT IS THAT SOUND?  
---RUSTLERS!



MORE THAN SHOTS'LL BEING  
THE OTHER HANDS IN THE!



BOSS, SOMEONE'S  
THROWING LEAD  
THAT WAY!

ATREE!



WHEN HE DOES SEE HIM  
LIVE THAT, THEY ADAPT  
COME RIDE AFTER US  
TOO QUICKLY! ---SHERIFF!

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both  
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NEXT MORNING, IN THE HEAVY WILDS...  
 KENO SAYS TONTO LEARN RIFERS WHO  
 RAN BEHIND US BE ROBBED—KENO  
 STOLEN AND RANCHED KILLED  
 LAST NIGHT!



STAY IN THE SADDLE,  
 TONTO! WE'LL SEE IF  
 WE CAN HELP PICK  
 UP THE SANDS TRAIL  
 BEFORE THEY ESCAPE!



WE SEE CATTLE  
 TRAIL, IT SEEMS  
 TO FOLLOW!



LEAD THE WAY, TONTO!  
 —COME ON, KENO!



LOCATING THE TRAIL IN ADVANCE OF THE HORSE, THE LOVE RANGER AND TONTO GULF IN A HURRY, SURVIVE



KENO GO IN RIVER, TONTO  
 ON BOTH SIDES, KENO—WE  
 NOT FIND TRACKS!

IT'S STARTING TO RAIN, TONTO! THE  
 TRAIL WILL BE WASHED OUT BEFORE  
 WE CAN PICK IT UP AGAIN!

WHERE WERE KENO GO IN  
 RIVER—LOOK, KENO SAYS  
 FELLER GET OFF HORSE  
 THESE AND STAY  
 IN RICH!



KENO, TONTO  
 THERE'S A PIECE OF  
 WOOD ON THE  
 GROUND BY THE  
 TRACKS!

TONTO, THIS IS BROWN  
 CIGARETTE PAPER—THE RIFER  
 PROBABLY DISCARDED TO ROLL A  
 CIGARETTE WHILE THE KENO ENTERED  
 THE RIVER. LOOK AT HIS TRACKS—ONE  
 FOOT MARKS A DEEPER IMPRESSION  
 THAN THE OTHER—ONE OF THE  
 RUSTLERS' LAMPS!



LOU! BUT IT  
 NOT BE EASY  
 TO FIND FELLER  
 WHO USE BROWN  
 CIGARETTE PAPER  
 AND LIVE!



NEXT DAY, AT BIG JIM KENDALL'S RANCH...

BIG JIM, THEY'RE ALL  
TALLED AND READY  
FOR MARKET!

FAST TELL THE HANDS TO TURN  
IN EARLY 'WE'LL START PREPARIN'  
TO MOVE NORTH FOR MARKET  
TOMORROW!

IT'S A SIGHTY GOOD  
LOOKIN' HERD, BIG  
JIM! BUT I BROKEN  
TALL SAYS MORE TALK  
THOSE GITTERS  
TO MAKE YOLL  
SMILE AGAIN!

YES THE ONLY THING  
THAT'D MAKE ME HAPPY,  
WOULD BE SEEN' YOLL  
BACK ON THE SANCIL!  
BUT THAT'LL TAKE  
MUCHER YEAR!

THAT NIGHT

GUESS THEY DIDN'T FIGURE  
WE'D BRICK SO SOON AGAIN,  
BOSS! THERE'S NO ONE  
GUARDIN' THE STEERS!  
I JUST CHECKED!

ALL THOSE HANDS CAN JUST KEEP ON SLEEPIN'  
CULIN' THROUGH TOMORROW! THEY'LL BE NO LONG-  
WORKERS FOR THEM TO RIDE HERD ON ANYWAY...  
LET'S GO!

BUT AS THE HERD IS FORCED OUT, A STEER BELLOW...

THE HERD'S ACTING SPOOKY!  
WONDER WHAT'S GONIN' ON!?

RUSTLERS!





LOWER YOUR GUN!

BUT, MR. JIM, YOU'VE MASKED... AND SO WERE THE RIFTERS!



I KNOW THIS MASKED RUFFY AND HIS NOBODY KNEW THEY'RE ALARM WELCOME AT MY HOUSE!

THANKS, MR. JIM YOUR GUN IS RIGHT TO BE ON HIS GUN! I'VE COME TO SPEAK TO YOU ABOUT THE RIFTERS!



SOON

SOBEY'S CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY HELP IN RUNNING DOWN THOSE RIFTERS, BUT I'D LIKE TO ASK YOU FOR YOUR HELP IT'S FOR MY SON, TOM!

I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM ACCORDING, JIM! WHERE IS HE?



MR. JIM... HE WAS SENT UP TWO YEARS AGO HE AND SOME HIGH-SPRITED DRUG WERE CELEBRATING HIS TWENTIETH BIRTHDAY, WHEN THEY BECAME INVOLVED IN A CAFE BRAWL, ONE MAN WAS HIT, FELL, AND STRUCK HIS HEAD ON A TABLE'S EDGE HE DIED SOON AFTER! TOM WAS ACCUSED OF STRIKING THE FATAL BLOW... THEY SENTENCED HIM TO THREE YEARS!

THEN HE'LL BE OUT SOON!



YES, BUT I HAVE A FEELING I'LL NOT BE AROUND WHEN HE COMES HOME!—HEE BUT HE COMES THROUGH ALL SORTS, THAT HE LIVES UP TO MY BIRTH IN HIM!

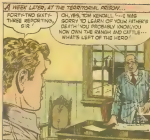
I'LL LOOK HIM UP, MR. JIM, BUT YOU'LL BE HERE WHEN HE RETURNS!—NOW, TOMTO AND I'LL TRY TO PICK UP THE RIFTERS' TRAIL!



THREE WEEKS LATER...

ALSO GERRY, HE HEAT AND NEWS IN TOWN!—MR. JIM DE IN SLEEP LAST NIGHT!

MR. JIM'S DEAD!— HE HAD A PRO-MOUNTAIN! I PROMISED TO HELP MR. JIM, TOMTO! I'LL DO THAT AT ONCE!









THE NEXT DAY

MORNING, SALLY! I  
BOODS OVER TO ASK  
YOU A QUESTION!

ABOUT JOINING UP  
WITH DADS HERD?



WELL, T-IT'S MY SECOND  
QUESTION!...MY FIRST IS  
ABOUT A NEWCOMER ROUND  
HERE WHO'S BEEN CALIN'  
ON YOU REGULARLY FOR  
THE PAST MONTH!

YOU PROBABLY  
MEAN DAVE RENTON!  
HE BOUGHT THE  
OLD JACKSON  
RANCH WHILE YOU  
WERE IN--WHILE  
YOU WERE AWAY!



BE-DOES HE  
MEAN MUCH  
TO YOU, SALLY?

YON KENDALL!...THAT'S REALLY A  
VERY PERSONAL QUESTION, DAD,  
AND MY FATHER AND I ARE FRIENDS!  
WE'RE GOING WITH DAD NOW TO TRY  
TO TRACK DOWN THE STEERS THAT  
WERE RUSTLED LAST NIGHT!



CATTLE STEALING?  
YOU MEAN THERE'S  
BEEN MORE OF THAT?

YES! BUT HERE COME  
DAD AND DAVE!...DAD,  
WHAT DID YOU LEARN?



ARE KENDALL?  
HE KNOWS!

I-I DO!

YES, HE FOUND THE STOLEN  
CATTLE 'ALL TEN OF 'EM--ON  
YOUR RANCH!



DID YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE THAT  
YON--

--THE TRAILLED STRAIGHT TO HIS  
BACK RANCH IT WAS CUT AND  
REMOVED THE BRANDS ON TEN  
STEERS WERE DONE OVER WITH A  
RUNNING IRON TO LOOK LIKE  
HE BRAND!...IT DON'T FOOL  
ME, KENDALL. I'M NOT GOIN' TO  
POSS CHARGE, BUT STAY AWAY  
FROM SALLY!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HENRIAR BERTON! AFTER HE WAS JELLY-BROOD BY HIS JAIL-BROS PALS--THE HANGED MAN AND THE HORN HE SAW!

A BURGLED BARN IN HONOLULU!--I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THEM!

AN' BOWS RIGHT CREEPY--I'T HOPE THEY GUN'D 'EM DOWN!



MEANWHILE...

KEED SURE! ROGERS SHOUT!

BACKTOWN! THEY JUST BELONG WE BELONG TO THE RUTLED GING, WHOSE TRACKS WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING--COME ON, SILVER!



TAKE COVER BEHIND THOSE ROCKS, TONTO! THEN FACE FOR THE HILLTOP!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



MINUTES LATER...

WE'VE OUTDISTANCED THEM, TONTO! WE'LL RETURN TO THE RANCH SEPARATELY--CIRCLE TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE KENDALL PROPERTY AND LOOK FOR THE TAIL OF THE MAN WHO GUN IN THOSE BARTON STEERS!

ROGERS STOP!



WHERE YOU GO, KEND SURE!

I'LL RIDE TO THE RANCH TO SEE TOM--SOMEONE TRYING TO ACCURATE HIM I'LL NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GIVE HIM, TONTO!



SCOUT...

IF THAT WILD MAN AND HORN PLANTED THOSE STERES, TO GIVE LIES TO--WHAT IN THE DAM HILL I'D BE ANGRY AGAIN! WE'VE WON THIS WAY! I'LL STOP HIM PROMPTLY!





"I'M COVERED, BOSTON! UPON MOUNT AND KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH, BECAUSE I'M IN THE MOOD TO SHOOT!"

"DO YOU ALWAYS WELCOME STRANGERS WITH A BROWN SKIN, TOM?"



"THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN CALLED FOR BY A BASTARD WHO KEEPS YOUR HANDS HIGH. YOU MUST BE ONE OF MY SUPPOSED KIBBLER AND BARTON'S MEN CHASED!"

"I ROSE AWAY FROM SOME MEN TO ADD QUESTIONS!"



"THEN YOU AND THE INDIAN ARE THE ONES WHO SAW BARTON'S CATTLE TO MY MIND!"

"NO, TOM, THE CATTLE WERE STOLEN BY THE SAME MEN WHO SAVED THIS AREA BEFORE AND COMPROMISED YOUR FATHER'S HERD ONE MAN IN THAT GANG LUNGED AND USED BROWN CHARLETTE REED. HE LEFT ME TONTO-AMAK WHERE THE GANG DISCOUNTED TO CHANGE THE BRANDS ON BARTON'S STEERS!"



"YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT THE BUTLER, AMBER/WHY YOU COME HERE?"

"TO LEARN IF YOU PLANNED TO JOIN THE CATTLE DRIVE TO EL PASO?"



"I COUNTED ON IT, BUT AFTER BARTON FOUND HIS CATTLE ON MY RANCH, I DON'T EXPECT I'LL BE WELCOMED!"

"TONTO AND I MAY BE ABLE TO CONVINCE BARTON TO TAKE YOUR HERD WITH HIM!"



"TONTO--TONTO-- THAT NAME SOUNDS FAMILIAR. HE'D BET TO BE DEAD USED TO MENTION AN INDIAN NAMED TONTO!"

"TONTO AND I WERE GOOD FRIENDS OF YOUR FATHER, TOM. THAT'S WHY I INTEND TO SPEAK TO BARTON IN YOUR BEHALF, JUST AS I CAME TO THE GOVERNMENT!"

NO IT MORRINE...  
I'D GLAD TO SEE YOU,  
MR. BARTON BUT IF  
YOU STILL THINK I  
WOLE YOUR CATTLE--

...I DON'T CARE TO DISCUSS  
THAT! I HESITED BEING OF  
YOURB. CALLED ON ME LAST  
NIGHT! HE LEAVE FOR EL PASO  
AT NOON--HANG YOUR STEERS  
READY!



OH, GULLY! THANKS, MR. BARTON! THANKS! I'LL  
BE OUT WITH DAD'S OLD HORSEMAN AND SOUND  
UP OUR SMALL HERD!



LATER, THE HERDS OF HALF A DOZEN RANCHES ARE JOINED AND START UP THE EL PASO ROAD

GIT ALONG,  
BOBBER!  
YUP! YUP!

TOM, OUR STEERS DURN  
DON'T TAKE UP MUCH  
ROOM!

IT'S JUST A SMALL HERD, BUT IT'S A  
START! A NEW START--THAT'S ALL  
I WANT!



LATER...

NOH, TOM! I'M  
CERTAINLY GLAD  
WE'RE NOT ON  
GUARD DUTY  
TONIGHT!

HAH--SURE FEELS GOOD TO  
PULL OFF THESE BOOTS!



SOON AFTER...

WHO'S  
THERE?





OWW---  
(GURGLE! GURGLE!)



NEXT MORNING...

HEY! COIN & SPAIN! THE GUY'S  
HAND WHO WAS ON GUN IS  
DEAD!



HE WAS ALREADY DEAD,  
MR. BARTON...  
KNIFE!

DON'T CROWD 'ROUND ME!  
WHOMER DO IT, LEFT A CLUE!



DAVE, YOU'RE RIGHT!  
IT'S A GOOD MARK--A  
HOMERULED BOOT!

THE DISTANCE OF  
THOSE HOMERULES  
IS UNUSUAL, MR.  
BARTON!



WHY THAT WAS  
MADE BY MY  
BOOT! BUT I  
DIDN'T KILL  
THE MURDER!

YOUR? YOUR  
BOOT? MADE  
THE TRACKS?

I SUPPOSE THEY BORROWED  
YOUR BOOTS, BUT I'M ON,  
WASH THE TRACKS AND THEN  
RETURNED 'EM WASH YOU  
NEXT!



THAT MUST BE WHAT  
HAPPENED---I DON'T  
KILL THE MAN! WHAT  
REASON WOULD I  
HAVE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT  
YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE HERE WITH A  
RANDOM RECORD!









DAVE: WINTERS IS LEADIN' A BAND OF KILLERS—I DON'T BELIEVE IT, RUSTED!

IF THE JAWED MAN SAYS IT, I'M CERTAIN IT IS TRUE! AND DAVE WINTERS ISN'T HERE!



THANKS, MR. BARTON! NOW SEND THE MEN ASSEMBLE AND STOMP ON THEIR BUNS! I HAVE A HEN THAT NOT ONLY MAY STOP WINTERS AND HIS OUTLAW, BUT HELP US CAPTURE THEM!



JUST BEFORE DAWN...  
DAVE, I DON'T SEE A GUN!

SO MUCH THE BETTER! DEACONET—WE'LL GOAL FORWARD NOW!



STAY BY THE HORSES! COMBLIN' MUST BE PRETTY TOUGH FOR YOU WITH THAT BARE LEG!

YEAH, BUT I SURE WHEN I COULD BRIFT MY GUN ON THOSE RANCHERS WITH YOU!



CALIFORNIA, DAVE WINTERS AND HIS MEN ADVANCE ON THE SILENT CAMP.

I DIDN'T FIGURE WE'D GET THIS CLOSE WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED, DAVE!

EVEN IF THEY SPOT US NOW, IT'S TOO LATE!







IS-IT  
GONE!

ONE'S HIT! LET'S  
QUIT WHILE WE  
STILL HAVE A  
CHANCE!



HE'S RIGHT,  
DAMN IT! WE'RE  
SURROUNDED!

AND IF YOU DON'T KEEP THEM, YOU'LL BE  
SURROUNDED FOR THE REST OF YOUR  
LIFE BY PROBLEM HORSES! --KEEP  
SHOOTIN'!



ANYWAY, TELL YOUR  
MEN TO THROW DOWN  
THEIR WEAPONS!  
YOU HAVEN'T A  
CHANCE!



I GIVE UP!  
DON'T SHOOT!

SAVE! HE'S RIGHT!  
I'M QUITTING, TOO!



ATASE!

YES! ANYONE ELSE GUNNIN' OUT?  
--NOW GET BACK AND FIGHT!

BUT CAUGHT BETWEEN THE MYSTERIOUS CROOKERY OF THE MOUNTED RANGERS AND THE MEN STATIONED IN THE CHUCK WAGON, THE OUTLAW ARE FORCED TO BLUNDER...





# The LONE RANGER

## Dawn Attack

AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF TASSERON CITY, A WESTBOUND RAGBON TRAIN PREPARES TO SET OFF ACROSS THE PLAINS...

WELL, I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY SOFTS, YES, ALONG WITH YOU!

WELL, MR. IF WE WEREN'T OLD FRIENDS, TO NEVER HAVE AGREED TO IT! YOU KNOW YOUR GONG'S REPUTATION BETTER N I DO!

I KNOW, I KNOW THEY CALL TED A STUCK-UP NERD-DO-WILL, BUT I'M HOPEING THE WEST WILL CHANGE HIM!

THAT'S A MIGHTY BIG MORE WITH THAT - YOUNG 'UN!

I'M TO BLAME, IF I'VE LET HER HAVE HIS RAY SINCE HIS MOTHER DIED NOW HE'S BECOMING A LAZY BRAGGART BUT I'M JUST GIVING HIM ENOUGH MONEY TO COVER HIS EXPENSES FIRST--THEN HE'S ON HIS OWN!

WELL, IF WE'RE SURE GONN TO GET WEST, I'D BETTER START 'EM ROLLING!

YOUR FATHER'S GIVING THE CROSS COUNTRY THE SIGNAL TO START FLOR! LET ME HELP YOU UP!

THANKS, TERE WAS A LITTLE SURPRISED WHEN DAD TOLD ME YOU WERE COMING!

IT'S MY FATHER'S IDEA! HE THINKS THIS TRIP'LL MAKE A MAN OUT OF ME! WELL, WELL, WELL! HE LL SEE!

**TWO DAYS LATER...**

THEY WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO  
WAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU? YOU  
GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO  
ANTAGONIZE THE OTHERS!  
YOU'LL NEED FRIENDS  
OUT WEST!

I'LL NOT NEED FRIENDS  
OUT WEST, LOGAN! IN  
SPITE OF WHAT MY  
FATHER THINKS, I'M  
NOT SETTLING HERE!

THEY  
WHY'D  
YOU  
COME?

TO GET DAD OFF MY BACK--BUT  
MY POSTERIOR WASN'T HALF AS  
BAD AS THE ROUGH RIDING AND  
HARD WORK ON THIS TRIP!

**AND A FEW MARCHES DOWN THE LINE, SUDDENLY...**



WHOW, PELLERS!  
WHOW!

JAKE! WHAT'S  
GOING ON?



LOOK, MR. LOGAN!  
THE ARMY'S MUSTERED!

OF ALL THE DAMN LUCK! IT'LL TAKE  
SEVERAL HOURS TO GET IT THE RIGHT  
AS WELL. CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT!  
---CIRCLE THE WARRORS!



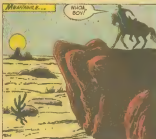
**FAST FORWARD...**

WHAT IS IT, JAKE?  
YOU'RE BEING ACTED  
VERY MYSTERIOUS,  
TAKING ME SIDE  
LIKE THIS!

I CHECKED THE MAP,  
MR. LOGAN---IT WAS  
SARVED HALF WAY  
THROUGH SO IT'D  
BREAK OVER SOME  
GROUND! SOMEONE'S  
DELIBERATELY TRYING  
TO DELAY US!









DARK, THE NEXT MORNING....

KERO GRAY,  
THREE WHEELS  
UPON PORT  
TRAILS ALL  
LEAD!

TOMTO, THOSE DRIVES  
ARE WEARING OUR  
PAINT!



THEY HEAR  
WAGON TRAIL!

THERE WASN'T BEEN ANY INDIAN TROUBLE  
IN THIS TERRITORY FOR MONTHS! BUT IF  
WE CAN'T REACH FORT NORTH IN TIME TO  
ALERT THE TROOPS, THERE MAY BE A  
GOOD DEAL OF TROUBLE! LET'S  
GO, SILVER!



KERO GRAY!  
---BACK!



THERE ARE ONLY TWO OF  
THEM, TOMTO! USE YOUR  
GUN! WE MUST PASS THEM  
TO REACH THE FORT!





WE  
WON-  
LIN!

THEY MUST HAVE BEEN  
STATIONED THERE TO  
STOP ANYONE WHO  
WOULD HAVE THE  
TRUCKS! — COME!  
ON, SUGAR!

Hill!



MEANTIME...

SURE, SOMETHING STRANGE'S  
GOING ON! — JAKE'S WAGON'S  
STILL UNHARMED, BUT THE  
SADDLE HORSE AND MOST OF  
HIS SUPPLIES ARE GONE!

I'M CERTAIN I  
SAW HIM RIDE  
OFF BEFORE  
DAWN!



OBVIOUSLY WHO JUST  
WITCH UP FOR TEAM  
AND HAVE SOMEONE  
ELSE DRIVE!

MR. LOAN, THAT'S JUST  
WHAT JAKE EXPECTED! HE  
DON'T THINK ANYONE WOULD  
SEE HIM RIDE OFF OR THAT  
HE'D KISS HIM SO SOON!



I TRIED TO WARN YOU  
LAST NIGHT! THIS PROVES  
IT! JAKE'S PLOTTING  
WITH THE INDIANS TO  
ATTACK THE WAGON  
TRAIN OUT ON THE  
PLAINS!

ALL RIGHT—I DO  
BELIEVE YOU NOW! BUT  
WE'RE GOING TO SET UP  
OUR CAMPING RIGHT  
HERE!



QUICKLY THE ROAD IS SPREAD, THE RIFLEMAN MEET...

WE'RE GOING TO  
NEED HELP, BUT  
FORT MORTON'S  
NOT TOO FAR  
FROM HERE!

BUT THE RECKONS  
ARE SO BETWEEN  
US AND THE FORT!  
— I NEED A  
MOUNTAIN!



BUT THE CALL GOES OUT IN A MINUTE...

THE RECKONS  
ARE HERE TO  
BE WATCHING!

WHOMER BOSS ISN'T  
GOING TO LIVE TO GET  
THERE!





KENO GARY,  
YOUNG FELLER  
HT!

DRIVE BACK THOSE  
BR AVES, YONTO!



AYE!

SAVE!



TAKE CARE OF THE MAN, YONTO!  
—I'LL SEE THAT THOSE BONES  
DON'T COME BACK WITH FRIENDS  
TO SURPRISE US!



QUICKLY, YONTO, REMOVED THE ARROW AND  
HANDLED THE WOUNDED MAN'S  
CONVULSIONS...

AN INDIAN—AND  
A WOUNDED MAN!

WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS!  
WE DRIVE OFF THE  
INDIANS! YOUR WOUND  
ISN'T SERIOUS!



AH—MY WOUND DOESN'T  
HURT!—NOT TO GET  
TO FORT WORTH THE  
OTHERS IN THE WAGON  
TRAIN—THEY'LL  
NEED HELP!

TELL ME ALL  
YOU KNOW!



AS TED FINISHED, RELAYING WHAT WAS HAPPENING...

YONTO, GO TO FORT WORTH FOR  
HELP—TED AND I'LL RIDE TO THE  
WAGON TRAIN WHEN THE ATTACK  
COMES, THEY'LL NEED EVERY GUN  
THEY CAN MUSTER!









AS THE HELLING HORDES SWARM FORWARD, CLAY BLAZE BEHIND THE BRONZE AND IRON AGE  
TURN HORDES UNDER THE WITHERING FIRE...



LOOK! THEY'RE  
TURNIN' BACK!

KEEP POKERIN' 'EM  
WITH LEAD-EVERY  
ONE WE GET NOW IS  
ONE LESS WHO'LL  
ATTACK US LATER!

BANG!

BANG!



FOR HOURS, THE HELLERS HOLD OFF  
THE ATTACKING HORDES, THEY...

EVERY TIME WE  
GET ONE, TWO  
MORE TAKE HIS  
PLACE!

WE'RE RUNNIN' LOW ON  
AMMUNITION, TOO!



THE AMMUNITION  
WAGON'S BY  
THE CLIFF!

WE'LL CHECK THE SUPPLY,  
TED! COME ON!



LOOK! SMOKE'S  
POURIN' OUT OF  
THE AMMUNITION  
WAGON!

IF THE FIRE REACHES  
THE AMMUNITION,  
IT  
WILL ALL BE BLOWN  
UP!



AS THE LONE RANGER SEES THE PRODS BEING IN, HE QUICKLY MOUNTS SILVER.



UP, BOY!  
UP!



AND AWHILE...

THEY'RE TRAPPED BETWEEN TWO FIRES, MEN! HAVE YOU SURRENDERED OR SHOOT ME FROM THEIR HORSES!



TOMMY, SPEAK TO THEM IN THEIR LANGUAGE! TELL THEM THEY CAN'T ESCAPE!

UGH! TOMMY TO TELL-UP!



AND ABOVE THE BATTLEFIELD...

WHAT IN BLAZES? THE WARRIOR MOVES QUICK! HE!...A COUPLE OF SHOTGUNS! PUT A STOP TO THIS!



BUT BEFORE JAKE CAN REIN HIS HORSE TO FIND THE LOST LAYERS...



ALL RIGHT, JAKE! NOW TO DUMP YOU OFF BY THE MEN OF THE NATION TEAM—COME ON, SILVER!



LATER, AFTER THE HORING HUNDREDS...

JAKE WILL BE TRIED FOR KICKING THE HORING!

TO THINK WE TRUSTED THAT POLICE-CAT!

AND TO THINK YOU AND THE OTHERS DON'T TRUST TED JUST BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T LIKE HIM!



IT'S SURE I DESERVED THAT TREATMENT, FLORA—I WAS KIND OF ANTAGONISTIC!

WOMEN LIKE A MAN, TED!

WELL, THE TRIP SO FAR HAS CHANGED YOU! MARRIAGE YOU'VE GIVEN CHANGE YOUR MIND AND SETTLE OUT WEST!



I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT, FLORA!—LOOK! THERE GOES THE FIRST FRIEND I EVER DID MAKE!

BUT YOU SURE PICKED A GOOD FRIEND! HE'S THE LONG RANGER!

NO—NO, SILVER! AWAY!



# the Medicine Shirt....



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Little Wolf lay under his cleverly arranged "blind" of sagebrush, and jerked the long string in his hand. The stuffed rabbit skin, in the clear space between the boulders, hopped. And the golden eagle, winging high in the blue, settled his feathers for a power-dive.

He came like a living thunderbolt. Close to earth, he broke speed with stiff-spread wings. His strong legs and knife-sharp talons thrust downward—almost to the dummy rabbit. . . . Then, with a yelp of dismay, he dodged it, sensing a trap! The great wings beat the air, to rise—

And with their muffled thunder came the sharp TWANG of a bowstring. A flat-headed arrow drove deep into the eagle's breast. He fell, thrashing. The fierce light faded from his yellow eyes, even as Little Wolf ran up with a whoop of exultation.

Carefully, with quick, firm jerks, the youth began pulling the tail and wing feathers from his dead trophy—feathers that were highly valued by his Pueblo tribesmen . . .

But others had seen the golden eagle's stoop out of the sky—and noted the fact that the bird did not rise again! Four Apache hunters turned with one consent toward the nest of boulders and broken rocks near the base of the sandstone mesa.

By the prickling of the hairs at the nape of his neck, Little Wolf became aware of his

enemies. Slowly he turned around. An Apache warrior watched him on all four sides of the little clear space—watched with mocking eyes! They had crept up among the big rocks, with not a sound. They were so sure of him that they held their bows carelessly—daring him to run, and be shot!

Little Wolf's thoughts flashed like eagle's wings. He leaped, low and straight. At the nearest Apache!

Before the startled warrior could whip out his knife, Little Wolf's bow caught him, spear-like, in the notch above the breastbone. It barely broke the skin, but it hurt, savagely. As the Apache bent forward, choking, Little Wolf passed him in a long dive that matched the arrow humming above his head.

He knew of just one place he might reach—a cougar's den in the base of the mesa's wall. It might be occupied, now—but he would have to risk that. Bending low, he covered the twenty yards of open talus slope like a road runner. An arrow nicked his arm . . . then the den's low entrance swallowed him.

A spitting snarl from the darkness of the den sent the first real chill of fear down Little Wolf's spine. He was still blinded by the outdoor light. If the cougar should jump him now—

But she did not. In a moment his eyes adjusted themselves to the gloom. He saw the tawny cat crouched at the other side of the

den, which widened, cave-like, beyond the entrance. At the rear of the cave an irregular black hole showed, the size of a buffalo's head. If he could reach that, and crawl through—

An Apache face showed briefly in the entrance. The cougar snarled again, and it disappeared. Little Wolf got an inspiration.

He drew a BLUNT headed arrow from his quiver, fitted it to the string of his bow, and moved toward the cave's rear. The cougar crouched, hissing, ready to leap at him. He moved again—not directly toward her, but toward the rear, hugging the wall. He drew his bowstring to his ear . . .

SCRIBOWFW—!

As the cougar leaped, armed paws reaching, he drove the blunt arrow straight at her nose!

It partly stunned her—for a second. And that was all Little Wolf needed. He reached the hole at the rear—slipped through. An Apache, poking his head into the entrance, lost an ear to the angry cat, and retreated, yelling.

Little Wolf looked around him. He was in a small cavern, dimly lighted through a narrow crack that breached the mesa's wall somewhere above. At one side lay a little pile of white bones. Human bones!

Little Wolf did not go near them—but something on the other side of the cave interested him. Something like a dusty pumpkin shell!



It was heavy, though—and hard as stone. It rang softly on the stone floor as he set it down. Marveling, Little Wolf turned from the steel helmet of the long-dead Spanish Conquistador, and picked up a shirt of chain mail. At least this was recognizable as a garment. He tried it on. It was too big for him, and its links were made of stone-like rings. But a shirt like this would be strong enough to stop an arrow!

Little Wolf got another idea. He put on the old helmet, and picked up the heavy Spanish sword—still unrusty in the cave's dry air. He crawled through into the outer cave. . . .

Clank . . . clank . . . clank . . .

The cougar gave one terrified squall and shot out of the cave. Slowly, Little Wolf followed. Clank . . . clank . . . clank, clank!

An arrow clanged against his helmet, and fell with a broken point. Another thumped against his mail shirt, and dropped.

Clank . . . clank . . . clank. . . . A strange sound—a strange sight—a strange figure, unharmed by arrows!

With a howl of fear, the nearest Apache fled. And the others followed him.

Little Wolf returned to the inner cave. Carefully he placed the old armor where it had lain.

"It is a strong shirt—strong medicine!" he whispered. "I will leave it here. . . . Some day I may need to wear it again!"

# YOUNG HAWK

GOING OUT THE WESTERN FRONTIER

THERE'S A BEAR IN THAT POOL--- I TOLD YOU I STEPPED ON ONE, YOUNG HAWK!

HMMM! I THOUGHT I HEARD A GROWL, LITTLE BUCK. BUT THE STEAM IS SO THICK---

YARR!  
YARR!

YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK, AFTER LONG WANDERINGS, HAVE COME INTO THE GEYSER AND BOILING SPRING REGION OF WHAT WOULD BE KNOWN CENTURIES LATER AS YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

HE WAS A BIG ONE--- CLO, TOO, I THINK! PERHAPS HE WAS BOARING HIS OLD, ACHING JOINTS IN THE HOT WATER. ANYHOW I COULDN'T SEE HIM, FOR THE STEAM--- UNTIL I STEPPED ON HIM!

THERE HE IS! THE STEAM HAS LIFTED---SEE?

YOU ARE RIGHT, LITTLE BUCK! WE'D HAVE CAUGHT YOU IF YOU HADN'T DIVED!

YI-YARR!  
YI-YARR!  
YARR!

AAARGH!

WELL--- THIS WOULD BE A POOR CAMPING PLACE--- WITH A GROUCHY OLD BEAR HANGING AROUND! AND KILLING A GRIZZLY IS NEVER EASY!

WE CAN LOOK FOR A CAMPING PLACE AFTER WE FIND THE BEST WAY OUT OF THESE MOUNTAINS! BEFORE SNOW FLIES, WE MUST REACH WARMER COUNTRY!

ALL THREE OF US!



UGH! ALL THREE OF US! THE GIRL, NEEKOOTA, MUST COME WITH US UNTIL WE CAN LEAVE HER WITH A FRIENDLY TRIBE



THERE! THERE IS OUR WAY OUT OF THE HIGH COUNTRY--- DOWN THAT RIVER VALLEY!

BRRRR! IT IS COLD UP HERE---AND THERE IS SNOW ALREADY ON THE FAR PEAKS! WE HAD BETTER START SOON!



IT IS HIGH, AND COLD---

YEP---IF I WERE THAT EAGLE I WOULD NEVER WANT TO LEAVE! THIS IS FINE-SEEING COUNTRY, LITTLE BUCK!



ON THE WAY DOWN--- A MARMOT DIVES FOR HIS DEN, WHISTLING



CHWEEEE-RRR-RRR!

AND TUMBLEBED RESPONSE!

YEH! LOOK OUT, TUMS---

TIP-TIP-YAPP!





ANOTHER TAUNTING WHISTLE IS  
TUMBLEWEED'S ONLY REWARD...



BUT THE LITTLE BOY'S HASTE HAS BROUGHT DISASTER!



WITH STRAIGHT STICKS AND SOFT BARK,  
YOUNG HAWK BINDS THE LEGS.

BUT...

HOW CAN  
WE GET BACK  
TO CAMP?



YOU CAN'T CARRY  
ME ALL THE  
WAY BACK TO  
NEEKOOTA'S  
FIRE

I COULD IF I  
HAD TO! BUT WE  
WILL FIND A  
BETTER PLACE,  
LITTLE BUCK!



HOT WATER ---  
IN A ROCK BASIN!  
WE WILL CAMP  
HERE!



UGH! IT IS VERY  
HOT! ENOUGH TO  
BURN MY  
FINGER!

THEN---NO BEARS  
WILL BE AROUND  
TO BATHE IN IT!









HOWEVER, BY THE TIME THE HOUSES ARE FINISHED, LITTLE BUCK'S LEG IS COMPLETELY MENDED, AND HIS GOOD HUMOR HAS RETURNED.



TWO DEER! YOU ARE BOTH GREAT HUNTERS, YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK!

WE HAVE ONLY BEGIN TO HUNT, NEEDOOTA!



ALREADY SNOW COVERS THE MOUNTAIN PASSES! WE MUST LAY IN A GOOD STOCK OF PEMMICAN AND DRIED MEAT BEFORE THE DEER AND ELK TARD UP FOR THE WINTER!



BECAUSE THERE IS SO MUCH MEAT TO SMOK, THE WOMEN USE AN OUTDOOR FIRE AND RACK.



EEYYAH! BEAR STEAL MEAT! DRIVE HIM OFF!

BUT, ONE DAY, THE SCENT OF DRYING VENISON BRINGS A BLACK BEAR TO RAID IT.



"EEEH" ARMO--

GRRRR.

POW--

--- AND A THREAT OF TRAGEDY!



GRANDMA RETURNS THING FAST AND ACTS BRAVELY! SCALDING WATER FROM THE SPRING INSIDE THE HOUSE FALLS THE BEAR'S MOUTH.



THE BLACK MARAUDER WANTS NO MORE OF THAT! WITH HIS TONGUE HANGING OUT TO COOL IT, HE HEADS FOR TALL TIMBER.



WHEN YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE BUCK RETURN, THEY HEAR THE STORY...WITH NOTHING LEFT OUT!



IT TAKES MANY DAYS OF HEWING AND NOTCHING AND FITTING---



... BUT AT LAST IT IS DONE!



OW-OW-OW- GGG DEEDDD!

AND WHEN THE NEXT SNOWY, MOONLIT NIGHT BRINGS THE WOLF PACK HOWLING ITS HUNGER



OW-OW-GGGDEEEE-GGG!

WOLVES CAN'T  
COME IN HERE...  
CAN THEY,  
YOUNG HAWK?

NO, AKIMO... NOR DO  
WE NEED TO WORRY  
ABOUT NEEKOTA AND  
YOUR GRANDMOTHER -  
BEHIND THEIR  
STRONG DOOR!



BRRR! SO WE HAVE TO  
GO OUT TRAPPING IN  
THIS COOL, YOUNG  
HAWK?

WE  
NEED MORE  
SLEEPING  
FURS!

AT YOUNG HAWK'S INSISTENCE, THE TWO  
YOUTHS AND TUMBLEWEED SET OUT  
MORE TRAP LINES



TWO BEAVER FROM  
THIS ONE POND?  
THAT IS GOOD LUCK!

GOOD EATING, TOO!  
LET'S CARRY THESE  
HOME NOW, AND...



NO! WE MUST LOOK AT OUR  
RABBIT SHARES! NEEKOTA  
AND GRANDMOTHER KI-YUNA  
WILL MAKE US A RABBIT  
BLANKET, WHEN WE HAVE  
ENOUGH!





AS THEY ENTER THE WOODS WHERE THEIR RABBIT SNARES ARE SET, YOUNG HAWK SIGNALS, STOP!



NOT FIFTY YARDS AWAY, A WOLF IS LEAPING HIGH—TRYING TO CATCH THE FOOT OF A SNARED RABBIT THAT DANGLES FROM A SAPLING SPRING



JUST AS ITS LEAN JAWS CLOSE ON THE FROZEN BUNNY—



YOUNG HAWK'S BOWSTRING HUMS—AND A HARD-DRIVEN ARROW PIERCES THE RABBIT'S HEART.



YAH-YAH-TARK-TIP, TIP-

HOWO! YOU'RE TOO LATE THIS TIME, TUMBLEWEED! AND IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU, I THINK!



A FINE SKIN, LITTLE SUCK! RECKDOGA WILL MAKE YOU WARM FOR SLEEVES OUT OF THIS FELT—SO THAT YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR TEETH CHATTERING WITH COLD!

UGH! LAUGH AT ME IF YOU WANT TO, YOUNG HAWK! BUT I BET YOU'LL HAVE HER MAKE YOU SOME SLEEVES, TOO!



# BUFFALO RUN

THE ANNUAL BUFFALO HUNT OF THE PLAINS INDIANS WAS THE HIGH POINT OF THEIR LIVES. VARIOUS TRIBES LEFT THEIR SEMI-PERMANENT CAMPS AND WANDERED OVER THE GREAT PLAINS SEEKING THE SHAGGY BUFFALO. THE BRAVES WERE EXPERT AT KILLING BUFFALO WITH A BOW AND ARROW WHILE RIDING BAREBACK. SOME WHITE MEN TELL OF SEEING A BRAVE PUT A FLINT-TIPPED ARROW RIGHT THROUGH THE BODY OF A FULLY GROWN ANIMAL. BUT, IF POSSIBLE, THE HUNTERS PREFERRED TO SAVE THEIR ARROWS. THEIR FAVORITE METHOD WAS TO STAMPEDE THE HERD OVER A CLIFF. AFTER THE ANIMALS WERE SKINNED, THE FLESH WAS CUT INTO STRIPS AND ORIED IN THE SUN FOR USE DURING THE WINTER. WHEN THE TRIBE HAD ENOUGH MEAT, ITS NEXT CONCERN WAS TO PUT ITS SHELTERS IN ORDER,--- MAKING TEPPIES FROM BUFFALO HIDES AND CUTTING LODGE POLES, USUALLY IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ROCKIES.

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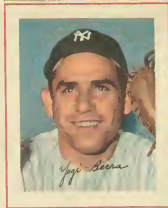


**"SPARK UP if you want  
to be a Catcher!"**

**SAID "YOGI" BERRA,**

star catcher, New York Yankees

"YOGI" BERRA SHOWED ME  
A CHAMPION CATCHER NEEDS  
PLENTY OF SKILL— BUT  
SPARK IS REALLY  
IMPORTANT TOO!



**SPARK UP WITH WHEATIES!**

*"Breakfast of Champions"*

THERE'S A WHOLE KERNEL  
OF WHEAT IN EVERY  
WHEATIES FLAKE



-  WHOLE WHEAT FOR GROWTH
-  WHOLE WHEAT FOR STAMINA
-  WHOLE WHEAT FOR RED BLOOD